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BANISHING DOUBT

by Dirk Dunning

Despite attending the Gateway Voyage®, Guidelines® (twice), Lifeline® (twice), Heartline, and Exploration 27®, Dirk Dunning still sometimes wondered if his experiences in the far reaches of consciousness could be trusted. In the aftermath of a serious accident, he reaffirmed a Different Overview of anomalous healing and the powers of the mind.

Doubting is part of being an explorer. I've had many doubts during my explorations into the vast, unknown reaches of consciousness. On a Saturday in September 1999 I left most of them behind. It all started with breaking one of my own rules. Years of doing hazardous work have taught me to insist on two points of safety (a safety line and a backup). Well, this time I forgot.

My house was built around 1938. The roof of the slightly older garage had a problem with dry rot and carpenter ants. Tearing off part of the roof revealed far more water damage than expected and a strange arrangement of lumber underneath. I had removed about two-thirds of the roof and the carpenter ant-riddled header beam by the time my dad arrived to help. We worked for about another hour. Then I tried to pull the left end of the main beam free—no go. So I gripped the very end of it firmly with my left hand and was tearing out the section to the right, when I over-centered slightly and weighted my left hand. The previously immovable section gave like cardboard, and the ladder and I fell eight to ten feet onto the concrete driveway. I landed on my right side with my leg caught in a cockeyed position and my right arm curled under my ribs. After lying there for a while, it was obvious that I couldn't get into my dad's pickup. We called 911, and the fire guys gave me a very bumpy ride to the emergency room.

We arrived at the hospital about 3:00 p.m. Since I wasn't screaming they were slow to give me painkillers. I was wheeled into x-ray and back. The emergency room doctor came in with the x-ray and commented that the pain from the fracture must be pretty bad. When I agreed, they finally gave me a shot of morphine. Then the surgeon came in to discuss the x-ray. I asked about my options, and he said that there was really only one. There was a clean fracture across the neck of the femur about a half-inch below the head. They would put in three or four screws, and I would be on crutches for six weeks. I gave the go-ahead and by 4:00 p.m. they were wheeling me into surgery. Everything after meeting the anesthesiologist and nurse was a blank until I awakened in recovery about 6:30 p.m.

I had a funny telephone conversation that night with a healer friend (a natural adept) in San Diego. Before I could tell her what had happened, she told me. She said that I had gone out-of-

body just before I hit, that my leg had fractured, and that many parts of me had scurried off for protection. She immediately began working to help me put myself back together. On the way into surgery, I had asked my dad to get my *Surgical Support Series* tapes and DEC tape. I began using the *Recovery* tape as well as my *Free Flow 27* tape postoperatively. Although I've learned to go to any level at will the tapes provided nice support, and I used them for most of the following week.

They gave me Percocet® for a day and a half after surgery. The nurses were a little weirded out because every time they came in I was wide awake and in very good spirits. Their rounds matched my hour and a half sleep cycle. They were also amazed that my blood pressure and temperature stayed down for my entire hospitalization. Just before 4:00 p.m. on Sunday they had me up on crutches and walking down the hall. Slightly before noon on Monday I was up on crutches again. At noon sharp my dad picked me up and we were on the way to my folks' house. The nurses were stunned! They said nobody gets out in less than four to five days after hip surgery. However, my healer friend commented that her clients typically cut their hospital stays in half.

The following Sunday my dad and I returned to my place, and he finished repairing the garage roof. It seems that it had leaked from the beginning and had three separate roofs and nine layers of roofing . . . all incorrectly applied! That same week I requested healing from the Dolphin Energy Club and from a Guidelines group. Both jumped right in, along with several other friends and healers. I could identify some energies, but having so many people coming and going was a bit like a roving massage party from fifty pairs of hands.

Surgical souvenirs included a ten-inch scar down my right hip and three stainless steel screws. I quickly developed enough strength in my left leg to do one-legged deep knee bends in order to get out of chairs and bed. My empathy increased for older people who break fragile bones. It was hard enough being forty-four and healthy. Four days postaccident my aching ribs reminded me that I had fallen on my whole right side. My high pain threshold from enduring chronic arthritis (which went into full remission overnight at Guidelines) and my TMI training enabled me to stop taking painkillers early on Wednesday after surgery. By the tenth day postsurgery I had resumed telecommuting full time from home.

Getting moving early broke up the adhesions quickly. Range of motion in the injured leg was normal at five weeks. The surgeon had said there was a 15 percent chance the bone would not knit and another 15 percent chance that inadequate blood flow to the femoral head would cause it to die. Based on what he saw during surgery, he did not expect either problem. A week and a half after surgery they took out the staples. The three screws looked odd on the x-rays, but the fracture line wasn't even visible. My surgeon and staff were impressed by how well I was moving around and asked how I was able to do that. I just smiled.

So I healed quickly and felt very blessed by the concern, kind wishes, and energy work of my family, my extended family of friends, and my coworkers. In the weeks following the accident, I clearly sensed the energy of people coming and going. Some were familiar; others were not. Some radiated power; others were gentle as summer rain. All came in love. I now understand the caution not to send people energy or help without their request and foreknowledge. Many of those who “stopped in” startled me by arriving at rather odd hours by Pacific Time. By the end of the fifth week, the crutches were almost history. On Tuesday of the sixth week I attended a public meeting that lasted until 11:00 p.m. My friends got tired just watching me do acrobatics on the crutches. I used one crutch or a cane for two days to build up weak muscles. Six weeks to the day from the accident I used crutches for the last time. By the following Saturday I could walk up and down stairs unsupported and without doing the two-step.

When I saw the doctor at six weeks, my x-rays stunned him. He said, “It’s healed!” I said, “Yeah.” He continued, “This looks REALLY good. You’re healing like a teenager.” I said, “How is that?” He replied, “Well, see here—the screws are backing out of the bone.” I asked, “And what does that mean?” “Mostly it means we’ll need to have you come back in the spring for another surgery to take the screws out, or they will drive you crazy. I am really happy with this.” Very cool indeed. I’m not thrilled about another surgery, but that’s the way it goes. Now I have a manly scar and a tall tale to tell. Next spring I get the souvenirs to prove it.

The tools I acquired at TMI played a large part in my healing. Trust comes easily now. Those last nagging doubts are gone.

Postscript: In a March 17th e-mail, Dirk wrote, “Well, I got my screws out today. It went incredibly well. I went in at 7:30 p.m. and was conscious just after 9:00 P.M. Five minutes later, I was up and walking. There is no pain, and all appears to be perfect. I can walk up and down stairs freely, although I have to be careful of the staples. They sting a bit when I forget.”

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